[19.]

ON THE

SACRED Memory

Of Our Late

SOVEREIGN:

WITH A

CONGRATULATION

TO HIS

Present MAJESTY.

—— Non deficit Alter
Aureus ——

Written by *N. Tate.*

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SACRED MONODY

OR

SOVEREIGN GRIEF:

WITH A

CONSOLATORY

ODE

TO

Religious MELANCHOLY.

ON THE SACRED Memory Of Our Late SOVEREIGN: WITH A CONGRATULATION TO HIS Present MAJESTY.

IF yet the Common Lethargy of Grief,
And Nation's *Apoplex* can bear Relief,
Let now their Art condoling Muſes ſhow,
And reach our *Sorrows* ſtanding Tide to flow:
Not that their ſweeteſt Numbers can redreſs,
Or make our Agony of Grief the leſs,
Yet to indulge it, will ſome pleaſure bring;
As Nightingals are ſaddeſt when they ſing.
But who can make the Nation's Sorrow known?
Perish that Bard that can expreſs his own!

With what Convulſion muſt we ſpeak the Fate,
Which yet diſtracted Looks alone relate?
How ſhall we Write, or how ſhall it be Read,
The King, *the King*, *Our Royal Maſter's* Dead!
Weep *Albion*, rend with ſighs thy rocky ſhore,
A Prince more Sacred thou did'ſt ne're deplore,
Though thou haſt mourn'd a *Martyr-King* before!

O *Guardian Seraph!* *CHARLES* his Sacred Guide!
(Whether the ſame that did the Seas divide,
And wandring Tribes with Miracles ſupply'd,)
Behold the Cloſe of all thy pious Care;
The Joy of Nations, now Mankind's Deſpair;
Thy Charge, through Life's prodigious Mazes led,
With Kings of common Providence lies Dead!

The Prince of Wonders has reſign'd his Breath;
O Triumph of the Grave! O Pomp of Death!
Let Saints exalted to their ſtarry Seat,
And Angel-Quires account his Years compleat;
(Perfection they by Intuition know;)
But We muſt think 'em immature below!
The outmoſt Force of humane Art we try,
Whole Kingdoms Pray'rs to Heav'n for ſuccour fly,
Yet all in Vain the Royal Life to Save;
O Pomp of Death! O Triumph of the Grave!

Mourn *Albany*, joyn *Albion*'s doleful Sound,
'Till to *Hibernian* Coasts your Plaints rebound,
To fartheſt Lands let groaning Winds relate,
And rowling Oceans roar their Maſter's Fate.

Haſt Muſes, from your blaſted Mountains come
To ſtock your ſelves with Laurels at his Tomb.
Unite your Beams in one compleated Verſe,
To flouriſh on your Royal Patron's Hearſe.
Wake Britains *Horace*, wake from thy freſh Shroud,
To tune our Sorrows and inſtruct the Crowd,
Our *CHARLES* his Fame and Fate *thy Numbers* crave,
Such Flame as thine methinks ſhould warm the Grave.
Leſs ſtreins may well on common Shrines be worn,
And meaner Muſes meaner Theams Adorn,
May ſuit ſome bloody Conquerour's Deceaſe,
But not the *Arbiter* of Europe's Peace.
How well has *Aſaph*'s Muſe our *David* ſtil'd?
His Form ſo God-like, and His Reign ſo mild.
She Sung His Troubles, now His lateſt Breath
Let Her record, and Conſtancy in Death.
With what Heroick Soul, though Grief moſt deep,
He ſaw His Speechleſs Subjects round him weep.
How tenderly He did bequeath His Flock,
To the next Shepherd of the Royal Stock.

Let Her the Princely Brother's Pangs deplore,
By Blood endear'd, by mutual Suffr'ings, more.
Let *JAMES* his Sorrow add to the Diſmay,
And double the Confuſion of the Day.
Laſt, let Her cloſe Our Dying Monarch's Eyes;
With which, eternal night ſeem'd to involve our Skies.
Yet Noon-day Stars attending on His Birth,
Spoke Him Immortal and a God on Earth,
His Perſon and His Virtues ſpoke Him ſo;
For Kings ſo Juſt and Mild are Gods below.
Yet in the cold Embrace of Death He lies!
Groan Britains, yield Him Souls for Sighs, weep
[Tears no more, but Eyes.

Behold the Citizens of ſome fair Hive,
How buſie while their *Ruler* is alive,
How cheerfully their Toil they do purſue,
From diſtant Fields bear home the fragrant Dew;
How to the common Port they all repair,
Build Tow'rs, and breed their young with pious care,
While with their Colonies their Stores encreaſe,
All then is Induſtry, all Wealth and Peace:
But when their *King* by any Fate Expires,
Their Muſick ceaſes and their Labour tires:

No

No more they make the flow'ry Sweets their Spoil,
But in Deſpair they ruine their own Toil,
Their Golden Fabricks on the ground are laid,
And mad Confuſion Reigns where Order ſway'd.

How then can We our wonted Peace poſſeſs?
Is our Devotion for our Monarch, leſs?
Our threatned Ruin, Who has then withſtood?
What Chance, what Fate, or what deſcending God?

Behold a Preſent and auſpicious Pow'r,
Stands forth to turn the Fate of that dark Hour!
To cheer our Griefs, and Order to reſtore,
Leſt Empire dye, and *Albion* be no more!
From ev'ry Province grateful Hearts are ſent,
On Him Three ſuing Nations Eyes are bent!
Hail! hail! Your *Hero*-Prince, almoſt Divine,
In whom with Valour, Juſtice do's Combine,
And all the Mercies of the *STUART*'s Line.

Live Prince of Clemency, for ever Live!
Not All-forgiving *CHARLES* did more forgive.
What e're blind Rage in frantick Faction ſtrove,
All now return, and now All find they Love.

Live

Live Prince of Clemency! long condescend
To sway those Realms, You did so oft Defend.
While that August and most exalted Shade,
That Heaven's *White-hall* has now his Pallace made,
From those bright Seats sometimes shall not disdain
To View the Triumphs of Your God-like Reign.
Blest Prince! by Heav'n and *CHARLES* Example led!
So may His Honours double on Your Head.
The long-liv'd Heir of all His Blessings prove,
On Earth succeeding to His Subjects Love,
And to the same kind Angels Care Above.

FINIS.